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*5 July 1961*

**DECLASSIFYING OF RUSSIAN TRAVELER ACCESSORY/39**

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NAZI WAR CRIMES DISCLOSURE ACT  
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**DEBRIEFING OF TRAVELER ASSASSINARY/39**

**APPENDIX I**

**Operational Diary**

My trip to the Soviet Union and Poland lasted from 26 May to 9 June 1961. It was arranged by Maupintour Associates, 449 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York. The itinerary included Warsaw and Wroclaw in Poland and Moscow, Kiev, and L'vov in the Soviet Union. The Pan American plane took off from Idlewild Airport at 1935 hours, Friday, 26 May 1961. In Boston Dr. Howard Thompson and his wife, 43 Allerton Road, Brookline, boarded the plane. They were the only passengers with whom I had any conversation. Dr. Thompson, a physician, was interested in stamps, and I promised to send him a post card with a new stamp from Moscow, which I did.

**27 May 1961, Saturday**

The plane landed in London at 0800 hours. After a few hours of waiting, I boarded the BAA plane for Warsaw. Most of the passengers were Poles. I did not engage in conversation except for normal remarks. At 1400 hours we landed at Mokotow Airport. The stewardess brought the passengers to the passport bureau, where each passenger approached the check window and presented his passport. At the second window customs forms were handed to passengers to fill in. At the third window, around the corner, the passports were returned and certificates of customs control were given back to the passengers. Luggage was checked superficially. This procedure lasted about an hour. I waited in the waiting room and a little later checked my luggage for the Wroclaw plane, which was scheduled to take off at 1630 hours. Then I went into the street. In front of the airport I had a talk with some taxi drivers who asked me how life was in America, how much money people made, and so forth. I said that I was visiting my brother who lived near Wroclaw.

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the plane to Shreveport at 2:00 hours. It was a small  
four-engine plane. I rental a compartment with a man who said he  
was a teacher in Shreveport. He commented about high taxes and said he  
made enough money to buy a car. However, he could not buy one because  
"they" would not let him drive the way one can, and he would have to  
pay high taxes as a consequence. As it was however, to spend all the  
money for another vehicle. He talked about the war, about the economy,  
the importance of his family, about his service to the Soviet Army, and  
said his son who was in high school. He asked me if his son had a  
chance to go to America.

We arrived in Shreveport at 3:00 hours and went to town by bus.  
The taller directed us to the local hotel, there I found an employee  
of my younger son's parents. I was given a place room (the number of  
which I do not remember). While I was cleaning up, another man was  
standing nearby listening. He was a tall boy who claimed to be my  
son. This talking as to the room, he asked me, "Are you the  
Mr. Kotovsky who owned a leather store in Shreveport?" He spoke English  
with an accent. I answered that I could speak a little with my brother.  
He walked and asked me how I happened to speak such good English. I  
answered that I had had a chance to speak and to learn English in  
school before the war and added, "But it is interesting that you  
don't speak English well." He did not answer, but I felt that the  
authorities knew everything about me. I did not know the man and  
had never seen him in my life. It was difficult for me to believe  
that the tall boy knew about me from his own experience, and I am  
convinced that he had simply been sent and assigned in covering the  
location to me.

I took a bath in my room and went down to the lobby. I  
found the hotel employee waiting if we possible to get a taxi to  
Carr Shreveport where I wanted to visit my brother. The employee re-  
plied that I could not go to Carr Shreveport because I had to report my  
arrival to the militia, and that the best suggestion that I report immediately  
after arrival. I then asked if I could go to the militia but we  
told it was after hours at the militia and nobody would be able to  
take my report. I asked whether such a thing was possible, to which  
the employee replied, "It has not gone (it is like that here)." He  
told me to stay in Shreveport and wait some place. The next day  
(Sunday) he said the militia would not be working either. Then I  
informed that he should give me some kind of certificate stating that

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I was not able to report to the militia, he gave me a place a room on which he carried something with no naming nor authority. I did not go to see Gagarin that night but to stay in the hotel instead. It looked to me as though I was being protected in order to provide an excuse for questioning me because I had not reported to the militia.

I went to the restaurant in the hotel, and in a while a young couple was brought to my table by the waiter. They introduced themselves as Dr. Stern Zelikson and his wife (Lilia, alias G. A. Zelikson, see Annex II and IV). Both were physicians in Moscow (see Annex II and IV). During the conversation I complained that I had not being given a chance to see my brother the Liver in the vicinity of Moscow, as I had not been able to return to the militia. The physician said that there were two categories of people in Poland: people and leaders (politicians). "You must talk to the people," he said. He went with me to the hotel because there they told us that I was free to go wherever I wanted. But I could not get a taxi. I was not very anxious, for I was told that when it rained (and it had started to rain), the plane did not fly from Moscow to Warsaw. It was supposed to rain on Friday morning. The doctor said that it would be better if I went to Warsaw by train the next day. We left the restaurant at 2200 hours and went for a drink. Afterwards I asked Zelikson to come to my room for a smoke, and he agreed. His wife went to her room. The doctor told the waiter we were not on the level, that position was occupied by people who were not fit. At present, the situation was much better, but earlier it had been very bad. He said that he did not care if "they" were trapping the nose, since he was telling the truth. They would throw him out of his job, but he would not care. I told him who I was (a Christian from America), that I had left Poland because the war, and that I was now working as a teacher for General Motors Corporation. He talked until about 2300 hours. The doctor was critical, but at the same time he was cautious. He did not directly criticize the party or the communist regime, only the situation. He complained that he had been denied the opportunity to go to the United States to specialize in endocrinology despite the fact that the United States had agreed to accept him. He remarked, "And the Party members also need medical care." He also expressed a desire, shared by other Poles, that the United States might make a deal with the Germans and give back to them the former German territory now in western

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Poland. I mentioned that German-Polish relations in the past had not been very good. He replied that Poland, apparently fearing the Poles to expand to the east in spite of the fact that their rights lay to the west and that Poland was historically a Polish city. He also offered to show us the historic books the following day, as I had decided to follow his advice and go back to Warsaw by train if the rain continued the next day. He parted at midday.

29 May 1951, Warsaw

In view of rain in the morning, I waited at the Zelazynka's door, but they were still sleeping. I went down to the Polish bureau and asked to be put in touch with the United States Embassy to Warsaw. I was afraid that something might happen to me because I had refused the chance to report to the militia. I was asked why I wanted to get in touch with the Embassy, and I replied that it was my business and that as an American citizen, I had the right to speak with my Government. The man at Zelazynka took the telephone and agreed to talk to somebody, saying "10.45, 10.45, 10.45, 10.45" so much to talk to the United States Embassy. In the end I was not yet in contact with the Embassy.

I had breakfast and went to see the Zelazynkis. Together we went to church and then sightseeing, and at 1200 hours we went for lunch to Cracow. After lunch I again tried to report to the militia via Cracow, but I was unsuccessful. I then went with the Zelazynkis to the station. At 1430 hours I visited Cracow train station because of rain. I did not want to miss the plane to Warsaw the next day and therefore would go by train. I was told that I would be provided with a train, but I refused from fear that they would take as assurance I did not want to go. I said that I would go via Zelazynki, and they agreed.

The train for Warsaw departed around 1700 hours. Because we were instructed to arrive in Warsaw late at night, I encouraged the Zelazynkis to spend the night at his apartment, and I accepted. He had a separate compartment on the train. There was another passenger, an engineer, about forty years old, who talked to us and was interested in the standard of living in America. He also talked about conditions in Poland and complained about the scarcity of skilled personnel in the country.

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29 May 1961, Monday

The train arrived in Warsaw after midnight. We went to the Zelkowskis' apartment on Solska Street, had a late supper, and went to bed. I slept on a couch in the children's room, as the children were not at home. We got up at 0700 hours. Zelkowskis were to work but promised to come at 1000 hours to help us with formalities and my last documents. I had with me eleven yards of material for suits that I had wanted to give to my brother, and I decided to give it to Zelkowskis. They were stunned. Zelkowskis promised to send us new productions of Polish pictures and promised to write to us in America. "And when I write you that I don't want to maintain correspondence with you, you will understand the situation," he said. "No exchanged addresses, and I send them to you in America."

I went to the United States Embassy to report my visit to Poland and also to the militia to report. They asked for two pictures which I did not have. They also advised me to report at the militia office nearest the address of my overnight stay. Zelkowskis came back in the meantime and went with me to the proper militia office. We were told that the employee who was in charge of foreign reports would not be in until 1600 hours. This was bad news because my plane to Moscow was to leave before that. Zelkowskis called everybody and was advised to go to another department at the militia. We went there and received a certificate of reporting and at the same time one of checking out. With this certificate we went to militia headquarters (Glowne Komendy Milicji), Foreigners registration office. They asked why I had not reported in Warsaw, and I told them how I had been and gave Zelkowskis as a witness. It was about 1330 hours when I finally checked out. We took a taxi and rode a tour of Warsaw. Zelkowskis showed us the party building and Gomulka's headquarters. At 1430 hours we parted. Zelkowskis gave me a book of poetry by the poet Tenszyk and wrote a dedication. Then I took a taxi and went to the airport. The chauffeur in the taxi complained about living conditions in Poland. He said that most was very scarce and that he had had only one important holiday, and that Polish women became prostitutes for a little money in order to live.

At the airport I went through passport and customs formalities and paid a required charge for the liquor I bought in Warsaw. While in the waiting room I wanted to buy a little item in the store

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as much as I could pay with dollars. Bills were accepted, and the men in the store told me so I did. I said I was an American tourist, obviously from abroad. The man said he was from Stanley, Western Rhodesia and offered to talk to me in German. The man said in the store complained about living conditions in Rhodesia. He was furnished with 16 photos of the Rhodesian government and showed me a picture of some mines which I had. The man they did not have such temporary planes in Rhodesia.

At 1620 hours the plane was off for Rhodesia. It was a Douglas plane operated by the Rhodesia Lighter. A Rhodesian government plane to Rhodesia on the plane. They wanted some money. I said I do not think the driver, Parker, can speak. I showed an address on the plane (see Annex 22). I said I was a commercial man on Rhodesia.

At 1630 hours we landed at Victoria. Parker stopped and our passengers and exchanged the name of passengers with pictures in our reports. We were then brought to a waiting room. After an hour we were called to another building in the airport and were given certain documents to fill out. My luggage and passport were given back to me. The luggage was controlled—though not in my presence. When I noticed that one lock of my suitcase was just open.

An Rhodesian representative approached me, asked for my name, and informed me that a taxi was waiting for me. I asked him to charge some money and received eighteen dollars for thirty dollars.

The taxi took me to town. The driver did not talk. I could guess that whenever we passed an industrial installation or a government office, the driver tried to pass it quickly and unobserved. After half an hour we arrived at the Intercontinental Hotel. I was told, however, that there was no room in the hotel and was advised to go to the Park Hotel. The man said either take me there, said I went to the hotel manager to check in. The room administrator took my name and the number I had when I was born, asked how long I had been in the Rhodesian Rhodes, and how I could work with good Rhodes. I replied that I had been the country before and said that I was originally born, and the Rhodes I learned to speak. I was given my room, and was a big bedroom with a piano and a television set in it. On demand however for you are not satisfied by Rhodes. After having a look at the hotel books, I had to pay a 200 pound.

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20 MAY 1952, BOSTON

At 0900 hours I went over breakfast to the hotel, where I arranged a tour with Director, and a bus to Boston for 800. The Director and the bus for my car had to be paid for him in advance. He made no arrangements for his bus, and I paid his fare. I decided to wait and see what he had for me.

At 1000 hours my Intersales order, Boston, and I was on a bus to the Holiday Inn. The Director was paid out, but a bus arrived in a ticket, which I bought for 3 dollars and 30 cents. At the Holiday I saw a Director name, "Tom Kline," by a classic American first, Lucia Giovanni. I was very much impressed. I did not talk to anybody. After the Director I went to the Holiday Inn to the Director and waited the change for guest at 2000 hours. I checked for a while and at 2300 hours went back to the hotel and returned to my room after dinner.

21 MAY 1952, BOSTON

I had an appointment with my Intersales order, Boston, for 0900 hours. We went to the Holiday and to the Boston-Bethel Gallery of Art. I bought there a book of reproductions and original prints to printshop which the auto tried to explain to us. We also went to the car store, where I bought a car stamp. It was 1000, and we made another appointment for 1300 hours at the Boston-Bethel, where I went for lunch. We went to the spiritualist office and stayed there till 1600 hours. I checked the Intersales order and the Director for their Intersales and gave them Lucia Giovanni. A bus to the city and a bellhop got to the driver. I talk him and I had explained the tour and that I had nothing planned to Boston. Your country never planned; you have intelligent and cultured people," I talk him, and they seemed pleased. I went back to my room, then to dinner, and afterwards again to the Holiday to see "Boston-Bethel's" "Intersales." I returned to the hotel at 2000 hours. I received my breakfast and a plane ticket to New York and back to MA.

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In answer I said we should say "good-bye". I did not return or we would go to my room. We had time a hundred double minutes. As far as we thought we could, we gave him information of the having been arrested. I always tried to dress it by placing covering over package in a special order, but when I opened my suitcase, the packages were always arranged around. This could have been a key to his torture or to torture by a maid, but when we returned for her to help us because we were suspicious of a burglar, I made a few notes on things necessary to when I appeared at another, place and she told him it probably had been a burglar or someone. He would have been sure that I was suspicious in my notes of packages around because information in one had nothing to do with another.

London, 1923. Wednesday

After breakfast I went to the Victoria station at 085 hours. The driver was very talkative (see Annex 27). He said he considered me a man, but I have Indian as well, because it was the last Indian when we, and another American, women were politically conscious, for they seemed to eat like children. I said that when General Mac, the American, Indians were not politically conscious, but that they had the highest standard of living in the world and at the same time they were patriotic. There were few Indians or Americans return going to the Soviet Union. He admitted that facts we two, I and General Mac, had to admit. He said that change in the world, which would also be with Indians. "One is always there," he said, "and we shall also have change."

At the airport I bought a 10-cent job for plane. It was interesting that up plane on the plane was presidential. When I stepped into the plane, the stewardess said, "Mr. B., here is your job," and she showed me to the seat which was on the right side, over the wing.

The passengers were mostly young people, also some Indians, about thirty people altogether. In fact all Indians had either like him, had never an horse and gun situation, we Indians in FBI. Do you see that after now. An Indianist said, All Indians, called my name, and we went through London to home. We crossed the River Thames, and the great cathedral where. The drive to home lasted half an hour. I

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registered at the Ukraine Hotel. My passport was taken away from me, and I was assigned Room 636, which consisted of two rooms and a bathroom. The rooms were not by far as good as the room in Moscow. There was no television in the room.

After lunch I went into the streets, strolled along the Khreshchatyk, and returned to the hotel for a short sightseeing tour with Intourist. We went (with the same Intourist girl who had brought me from the airport) to the Memorial of Peace. We had a glance at the Volodymyr memorial and at Saint Sophia Cathedral.

In the evening I went to the opera and saw the play "Dance." The ticket I received from Intourist. In the theater I talked to a pair of English tourists and also to a woman and a girl who sat next to me. I spoke in Russian. The girl was very proud of the Kiev theater, and she said that people say that the Kiev is better than that in Moscow. After the theater I returned to the hotel and went to bed.

2 June 1961, Friday

After breakfast I was asked by Intourist if I would like to join a tour of a Kiev Ukrainian school, imeni Shevchenko. I agreed and joined some Russian and Ukrainian tourists from the United States and Canada (progressives) and four English people. The progressives were from New York state, and one was from Hightstown, New Jersey. I do not remember the names. There was one guide to the tour and one Intourist guide. We went through the chemical laboratory of the school, and the director (a woman) and some teachers gave talks.

Afterwards I went with the Intourist guide to the Ukrainian Museum of Ethnography and Art. I told her that I was interested in art, particularly Ukrainian paintings. We also went to see Saint Sophia, Saint Michael's Church, and Saint Volodymyr Hill. I asked the guide about the possibility of going to Kursk, but she replied that my itinerary did not include such a tour and that I should have arranged for such a tour in New York. It was impossible, she said, to change the itinerary now. After the tour, on a square I saw a peasant woman sitting on a bench, barefoot. I took a seat on another

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and to know what he was the we are. we were the  
man and with the we are for our, and a hand. I said  
we will the we working on a business. I asked her how to was, and  
she said, "It is bad and that is all. You were your business (business).  
and they do not give you your normal costs to return." At that time  
I said, a man and a man do was about an hour. We worked  
together, and we each other and started to work there. When  
she was to me. I walked out they wanted to know what we were  
going to do. so I lect. to you were I was passing by the store  
of the airport. because they do not and can not work  
there to destination is front of the airport. I asked them if I could give  
them money and they replied that it was never been. After I took  
the bus I was the airport and we in American University they asked  
to do so to. After a while in the airport. I told them that I would  
bring them something for their destination to us. they asked but we are  
going to sell. I will come again. I was to my house and returned to the  
bus station. I gave them a little bag containing medicine and  
of a pair of stockings and a cap. All of our were very  
very bad very excited. one of the young grabbed my hand and said  
("You who thirty minutes a month.") I told them that I was understand  
it. I was embarrassed and said she should not do it, but the man  
about right and said, "You don't know what you have done for us."  
After that they never return a month. I told them that I was understand  
it. I explained how I felt because the people and the people, just  
because we are, we are the one people. I asked them why so many  
people were coming to Kiev. they replied that at the time the  
revolution, but in the Soviet they were random. Young people from  
Russia at school. They started to be the same Russian Revolution  
then. I would say a thousand-year-old culture. Finally the man gave  
a book of American news and wrote a destination. He also wrote  
his name, "George Washington" (see Annex, IV). He was an  
old man, at the moment, and the woman, she was old, was fatigued  
so.

After I left the American house. I noticed at American  
university two young men, twenty-the to twenty-eight, who were sitting  
on a bench and speaking to themselves. I approached them. One was  
of his hand, a boy called, so I thought he had mixed with the very  
youth. Both were students of engineering. I told them who I was  
and a conversation started. I was disappointed because they took the  
side of the Soviet system. They criticized the capitalist system as  
more than wasn't equalized the others. We which had to work

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question, and that was exploitation. I told them that operation was voluntary, and because of overhype and "I'm under", could not come to know to make a trip to the Ukraine. While in their vehicle, the German guide who had guided us on the tour of the nuclear power plant, I quoted him, is killed and we go.

Afterwards, past 100 km, I met our driver to the nuclear power plant, a Russian. He would do in our vehicle to go on. They said the station for 200 km of the road, the station could, the radio was well that after they had a drink they will make a noise. They continued and went much longer. I asked them what they did and how much they paid. They said they were on vacation radio and not 200 km. They said to continue while on their cameras their radio. They said a morning, but did not do the radio. They left.

After dinner I took a walk on the Chernobylka, around the Volodymyr Hill. People started not afraid. My impression was that every seventh spoke Ukrainian. The rest spoke Russian among themselves.

June 1981. Ukraine

After breakfast I went to a photographer to look my camera. Randomly, I had spotted one film because I did not had the cameras properly. I asked as I wanted whether I can allowed to take pictures and we told that I could photograph whatever I wished. I also asked the photographer to take a picture of me in the park and send him to send the pictures to my address in the United States. I went alone to the park (Volodymyr Hill) and took pictures from the village.

After lunch I wrote and sent out post cards to my wife and son. I remained in the cameras and did as I wanted. I had a camera with me all day long.

In the evening before dinner at about 1900 hours, I went to the Restaurant hotel "Bukovina" in the basement. I washed my hands and washed my hair. While I did this, I hung my jacket down on a hook on the right side of the stairs in front of which I was standing. Suddenly this young man arrived in typical Soviet dress and with "gray

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and went into the kitchen with much noise and then suddenly stopped. I thought they had withdrawn because I was there. Then I heard shouting by father and mother to the other side of house. He came to me said. I went out and told the neighbors that my children had been stolen. The neighbors said he had been the thief and that they had to do better or worse and wanted the thief to get out. Then when we had sat and talked many neighbors came up to us and we go to their house to the kitchen and then a report to the police about the robbery. It was already night. I brought a lantern and as quick as possible a blanket. I did not talk to anyone after the dinner was to bed.

April 20th, 1942.

After breakfast I had a complete conversation with father and we said that after the robbery had come to us, they would not want to go abroad. I also met my neighbors and said, and we are neighbors. Our house, "We also have neighbors here, and in my opinion, we all should be shot. Our house is the service station and the station for such people, they should be shot immediately." I used to go and always when the photographer had brought my film back, I had given him for developing. He had not come. I was told that the photographer would send the film to my address. I went to the telephone company and said to the telephone operator at telephone house in order to take a hundred or odd from the nearest crowds.

Home at the telephone house I saw a group of about (one thousand men) and an older gentleman in a shirt and nothing else. The residents were in their blankets and the old man was sitting steady. I approached this group, turned to the old man and asked, "Excuse me, my I take a hundred or odd from you?" The old man looked at me with surprise and asked why. I said that I was a Christian man. Another and the Christians in America had asked me to bring some American gold from Italy. He was even more surprised and very kind and said, "Of course, please do take it." He had no trouble in giving me. The residents relied on the side. He started to act as if he was a criminal, and we waited for a few minutes. As we were surrounded by other about thousand men in America. He asked questions about us and about Americans in America, how they live and how well they did. He said that he was a professor from the area when the Jews drove him

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into the village and that the young people were ill educated. He had come to work there. He was a student of the Presbyterian Institute and was a substitute teacher in some of the smaller or less educated communities. I took a place of rest, and, owing to the students' poor nature, had trouble to get students.

I used to go about, and, especially about the time

but I did not see young people. I would attend, and the great or the little, men of Santa Barbara. I bought a day service car. It's about 15 miles from town to get there. (This I probably did not buy until 1926.)

I used to drive "Volvo" about. We obtained our groceries but I did not see young people. I would attend, and the great or the little, men of Santa Barbara. I bought a day service car. It's about 15 miles from town to get there. (This I probably did not buy until 1926.)

As the church members I and a few, mostly Americans, finally (see Amer. II). We used to go out for picnics. I used to buy an old room from Mr. and Mrs. who were going to go to America to America and piano. We are called "American".

After picnics there Americans and myself. We are called "American".

He about twenty five Americans, and he directed on giving a bottle of wine for that was to America. I had intentions on getting away from my first wife's parents. Finally ended up to go with his wife, and I went. We came to a building on which there was a sign "American Restaurant". This was a hotel. The party members, I think. We asked us to walk and after a while came out with a bottle of wine for the old woman. One American. I went back to the hotel, cleaned out, and at 11:30 began work by telephone out to the airport. The place for her took off at 1630 hours.

I did not observe any American planes while in Italy, with the possible exception of the American girls who passed by while I was walking to the tea. American students or American girls. But he might have passed by chance. In my hotel room, I did not dream any wire tapping, and the officer was not built into the wall. The evening sun in my windows was always concerned around. In Italy I tried to detect surveillance but did not find any.

The two-engine plane landed in Italy at 1630 hours at Savilly airport. There were twelve passengers on the plane. I talked to one man who complained about her hunting and was not satisfied with him.

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she said that her husband, an engineer, often worked late at night, and so to visit her and also to talk to her, I had to go inland, in the tourist area. She wrote down her address in Monterrey. Her name is Blanca. She did not give her last name. We spoke to Blanca (see Annex D).

At the Inter Airport there was no telephone, until yesterday, so I telephoned Monterrey to her. I waited for about an hour before the telephone was answered. I started speaking to the telephone operator. In Monterrey, but she continued to speak Spanish, so I spoke Spanish too. Austin, who asked me who I was, when I had spoken Spanish, said so much. We decided to have a tour of the city last night.

I checked in at the Monterrey hotel. I purchased my passport and my suitcase from it on the second floor. By now the place was crowded with Mexican, American and Mexican tourists, mostly from the U.S. After reading up, I went out and visited the Monterrey Museum and Lector Auditorium. Many people visited in the auditorium. I found more American than in Monterrey, and I think the visitors were about 70-80% American and Mexican. I also heard music of the local Mexican dialect in the streets. Many times no other dialect. I think at least 50 per cent spoke this Mexican dialect. In the auditorium, no people were pretty well dressed. They consisted of mostly on the Mexican. At the square on Lector Auditorium, the place where there was a Mexican government exhibit, people stood in groups and talked, mostly young people. I did not have to buy any food and drink. At 2000 hours I had dinner at the hotel and after dinner went to bed. On the way to my room the hotel dispatcher asked me where I had learned such good Spanish.

2 June 1960, Monterrey

In the morning I went to the service bureau for laundry, located over the main lobby on the second floor, and there was no one outside. In the office I received my passport, but the ticket to Monterrey was retained in the office. I went to the restaurant for breakfast and took a seat at the table. At that time a group of tourists were through the lobby to the restaurant. They were American, Portuguese and Spanish and Canadian who had arrived from Mexico. Most of the group which had left their hotel on 27 or 28 May. The group was

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composed of about forty people. Among them I noticed in the number Mrs. Mrs. Dorothy Ann from Cleveland and her son, my son and friend from Liverpool, Walter Dorchakov. I was suppose to pick up Mrs. Ann at the New York airport before I left New York, but she did not come on the scheduled plane, so I did not meet her. After my return to Poland, my wife told me that she had seen Mrs. Ann the next day and told her that I had come to Poland and to the Soviet Union. Mrs. Ann had been very surprised and asked, "Will he be up under his own name?" My wife said yes. But they not at the third table then no. Dorchakov seated in my direction. He obviously noticed me, but then he turned his eyes toward the table and did not look toward me any more. Mrs. Ann also did not look toward me, and neither made a move to talk to me or recognize me. (Dorchakov spent ten years in a concentration camp in Siberia.) I did not talk to any of the progressives.

After breakfast, at 0900 hours, with the tourists who I started on a sightseeing tour of Kiev in an Internat car. We went to the hill overlooking the city called Vyshgorod Castle, and the guide explained the Kiev pantheon. Then we came to Saint George Cathedral, the famous architectural structure and seat of Ukrainian Catholic metropolitan, including Metropolitan Sheptytsky, the guide emphatically explained that Saint George had been the lookout of Gracianian Hungarian nationalism, and that in co-operation with Hitler, Sheptytsky and his helpers had murdered people, terrorized them, and killed them. "It is terrible to my that they did this," he said. As for the history of Kiev, who explained that the Russian Prince Prince Vladimir had founded the city, that the Prince had brought in Catholicism, and that at the present time Catholic priests had rejected orthodoxy and everything was fine now.

From Vyshgorod, we had to wait to Lutsk station and to the hill of Jesus (Khoda Kury). The guide then showed us the grave of Benedictov, a Soviet hero who was allegedly killed during the war by Ukrainian nationalists. These nationalists, called also bandits, she said, were bad people. They killed everyone, they killed Germans, and they killed the local people. Benedictov was a Soviet partisan. To kill Germans was well, and working as a German officer, he had joined the German military service, working at the same time for the Soviets. He had disengaged the Poles to kill Soviets, Churchill, and Roosevelt at Tehran, and the change had failed. In the end the German became complicitous and was after him. Benedictov struggled

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to reach the Soviet lines but was captured by a band of Benedictine bourgeois nationalists. He threw a grenade and killed himself and many nationalists with him. (Note: the true story of Benedictov is quite different. He was a provocateur who, posing as a German officer, killed some German Red Guard leaders in Nov and Volgograd. He was arrested by the Soviets to assassinate the terrorist acts but to leave behind traces to the arrest that the acts were carried out by Benedictov himself. After committing the acts, he always left behind traces, nationalists literature and even false personal documents of Benedictov under several names. As a result, hundreds of Benedictovs, predominantly from the intelligentsia, were shot by the Germans in Volgograd. Benedictov was captured by the Germans but did not kill himself but was executed.)

The guide continued that in Iwo there lives Kurentsov's best friend who had been looking for Kurentsov's body but had not been able to find it for a long time. Finally not long ago some workers pointed out a grave, saying that this was the place where Kurentsov had killed himself. There is a inscription in the service book, she said, that can identify people from the characteristics of the skull, and this conclusion had identified Kurentsov. He was brought to Iwojima Island in Iwo and buried there. His friend puts fresh flowers on his grave every day.

No next afternoon to another part of the Lyubtiv country, where the graves of famous Ukrainian writers like Ivan Franko, Shevchenko, Herasymov, were located. I asked who had designed the monument on Franko's grave, knowing that it was Lyubtiv, the town in New York at the present time. The guide answered that the monument was designed by "one of our sculptors." Then we came to the grave of Herasymov, who explained that he was killed by Ukrainian bandits nationalists. I wanted to go to other parts of the country, but the guide was very reluctant to let me. I only knew that almost every tomb had been damaged. The stones had been removed, and the local as though the tombs had been robbed. One explained that this was a result of the war. After that we went to the cemetery park and then to Lyubtiv.

After lunch I met my wife again and we went to the Hamm or Hirschberg. About 1:30 hours I thanked the wife for her services. She said that because I knew the League I did not need her help any

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home, but whenever I would attend her services, she would be at my disposal. We parted, and I travelled around town to acquire a place with the city. In the back of the Standard Hotel, there is a little lounge. I went through it to observe surveillance. I bought a drink to Lior, opened it, and looking at it, walked toward Standard Hotel. I approached a big church at the end of Standard Hotel and sat on the top roof top, watching playing and talking in orchestra. The city was dark and the sky was dark. I noted then whether I could see the church inside, but they realized that the church was closed now. With the open guide in my hands, I went toward the station on Standard. I equipped myself with the arms and men people in the station of the station. It was about 1700 hours, and I went toward the main post office. I looked for surveillance but did not notice any.

At the post office I took Standard No. 9 and went to State Elizabeth Church. In front of the church I got out and travelled on Elizabeth Street, toward Standard. As I got out of the station, I noticed a green Volvo car which stopped about twenty yards in front of me. I do not remember the license plate number. The driver, without jacket and in a light shirt, got out, opened the hood, and made some adjustments to the motor. Another man was sitting in the car. I was walking on the opposite side of the street and passed the car. After half mile of walking I noticed again the same car parked in front of me and following the man processor, the driver looking under the hood and another man sitting in the car. After a while I walked back along the same street toward State Elizabeth Church. At the same spot where I had gotten off the station, I again got on No. 9 and going to the opposite direction. I got off at Standard Station (formerly Standard) and walked toward the open house. From there I went to Revolutionary Street (formerly Standard), and there I took Standard No. 6 toward Standard. After about fifteen minutes I got off at Revolutionary Street. I still had my guide book open, and I looked around the buildings in the area. Again about twenty yards behind the station I had just left, I saw the same green Volvo stopping at the curb. The man was sitting in the car as if waiting for somebody. They did not get out of the car. I walked in the direction of the car, which was on the same side of the street as I. Looking around and into the guide book, I note by the car. Behind the wheel was a man without a jacket in a kind of leather shirt without a tie. The second comment of the car in the front seat had no head cover. He wore green glasses—a rare thing

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to see in Moscow and I could not describe the fine humor of the classes and the art life within the city. He wore a jacket and a shirt without tie, the shirt of some dark color. He was reading a paper. After I passed the car, I crossed the street and walked toward the center of the city. After a while I again got on streetcar No. 6 and got off at the same house. I recalled again in the car, went to the market, looked over the place where my business had been, and bought a ticket to the theater. On the car I had now three times I did not win again.

As 1945 began I took a seat on a bench on which two veterans about forty, were sitting and speaking Ukrainian with a Galician accent. One complained to the other that he had 60 rubles in his coat, and that a kilo of meat cost 30 rubles on the black market. When I came, the conversation slowed down, and they started talking about the weather. I did not want to engage in the conversation, and I went off, noting that they were afraid of me.

I went to the lobby of the Gorkovets theater and bought a sandwich and a soft drink. In addition to the other girl at the theater, there was a delivery man who delivered goods to bars and restaurants. He asked me who I was, and finding out that I was a Ukrainian from America, he was very pleased, bought a bottle of wine, and joined me at the table. We talked for a while.

It was time for the play in the theater, and I went in. The group from Moscow was doing a Ukrainian play "Kievanka". In the theater I noticed not for any from the four young men about twenty-five who were talking in Russian and all the girls were looking in my direction, talking and laughing. They did so in such a way that I was convinced they were talking about me, and I thought maybe they or one of them were watching me. During the intermission I went backstage and told the director of the theater that I was very pleased with the play and the performance and that I wanted to congratulate the artists. The director spoke Russian. He arranged for me to meet the artists, director or authors and writers. I talked in Ukrainian, and I expressed my appreciation. They expressed gratitude to Russians in America and asked me to tell them that art is developing well in the Ukraine. All the time during it and I tried to avoid political conversations and tried to leave the impression that I was not well acquainted with political problems. I just listened to what people had to say. After the theater I went for dinner and to bed.

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6 June 1951, Sunday

At breakfast I joined a man from Moscow whose name was Vladimír Pavlovich Volfovský. He works Rostsel (see Annex II). At 11:00 hours I went again to the museum on Revolution Street. I did not mention my surveillance. I went through the main gate to the garden and then to the main building. In the hall I noticed two men, employees of the museum. One was younger, the other old. I took him, that I wanted to see the museum. The older man told me to wait because the museum was not yet open. He asked me too, if I was, and I replied that I was from America. At that time an old man, too, as I later learned, was the director of the museum approached (see Annex II). I told her also that I wanted to see the museum, and she suggested that before the museum was open I could look over the storage exhibits in the room on the first floor next to the entrance hall.

While I was going through the storage exhibits, some people, obviously the employees of the museum started to assemble in one of the exhibit rooms next to the hall. In which there was a round table and chairs. They took seats around the table. Present were the director again, the two men I had seen in the hall, another man, a young girl, and a middle-aged man with a lamp, altogether about ten persons. After they had assembled and I had seen that there would be a meeting and had moved to the room next to the one with the round table, the man with the lamp (see Annex II) started a political indoctrination meeting. This where I was, I could hear the procedure. It lasted for about twenty minutes and was conducted in Ukrainian. After the meeting was over the director came to me and suggested that if I wanted to see the museum and wanted to know it, I should go to the director and ask him for guidance, and maybe he could assign somebody from among the employees to act as my guide. She directed me to the round floor where the director's office was and remained so that there was some reservation and pointing going on upstairs and that I should watch out.

I went to the director's office, introduced myself, and said that I was interested in old Ukrainian art, that my wife was an artist, and that I would like to take her some reproductions of the paintings. I also said that I had visited the Artworkers' gallery in Moscow and the galleries in Kiev. I added that I would be willing to give us expert explanations. I remained directly that I was from America, for as I mentioned the situation, they would pay some

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attention to a stranger and would try to help him. The director (an Amer. II) was very nice to me and offered his personal services. He went through the museum, and he explained the paintings. During the conversation he proudly spoke about Borodin art and about the old versions to the museum. I asked him to show给我 these collections and the museum should be described. The director explained that there was a famous painter Borodin, a great man our country, and he named us the name of his studio or his studio of work. I asked him the painter was now, and the director said that he had died a few years earlier but that his family was alive and his daughter worked in the museum as a scientific worker. I expressed interest in the same professor and asked the director if I could talk to the daughter, but he replied that it was impossible because there was much work now in the museum and she was very busy. I wanted to leave the door open for another visit to the museum and asked the director to be a list of the paintings. He asked me if there were Borodin pictures in America, and I mentioned the name of Borodin, Mexico, Argentina, and the author Kostyuk, whose works are in Lansing, Michigan, in the United States. He also said that the museum had previous collections in storage that could not be displayed because of lack of space. However, they had received a permit for constructing another wing to the museum building. I spent two hours with the director, and it was about 1430 hours when I left. I called for a short time with the janitor to make sure that the janitor had locks on the museum grounds. I asked the janitor if the director lived within the museum. He said no, only himself and the secretary really lived there. After I left the director, I decided to go there again in the evening and to go directly to Vlora's house.

I went to the direction of Solot George Gorbachev. The I had crossed University Park (formerly Soviet Garden). I saw a restaurant and recreation building in the upper part of the park. An older man was in front of the building, the attendant of the place. He asked the older to point at the restaurant. I asked him if I could see the kitchen, and he showed no in. After I came out, I asked him how to get to Saint George Cathedral. He showed me the direction and asked who I was. I said I was a tourist from America.

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He was extremely embarrassed and wanted to talk. He was so happy and so excited that he did not know what to do. He brought me to the check room in the restaurant (the whole place was completely empty). There he had his table and wanted to get something to drink for us, but I refused because of time. He complained about the restaurant and used foul language in describing them. He made sure he had a daughter in America and wanted me to get in touch with her. He wanted me to go with him to his living quarters, but I did not have time and requested him to come later to get the address of his daughter. He complained that he got 22 visitors a month and that he had discrimination. His first name was Vanya, and I have forgotten his last name (see ANNEX III). I promised to come later and later.

I went to Saint George Cathedral and talked to an old woman who told me that all her life she had gone to church, and she was continuing now, despite the fact that "it had changed somewhat."

It was 1800 hours, and I returned to the hotel for dinner. After dinner (I planned to go to the museum later in the evening) I walked through the streets, and at Bernstein's Street (6 side street from Chekhovsko-Borovskoy) I saw two men walking loudly in Bernstein as if they were arguing. I asked them something, and they called me who I was. I said I was a journalist from America, and one of them asked me whether I know the radio program "Yessica Pale Invokes" from before the war. I said I remembered it, and he invited me to his apartment and asked his wife to make scrambled eggs for us. I protested, but it did not help. He went out and bought some vodka, and I saw the price of 2 rubles on the label. I gave him 3 rubles for the vodka, and he and the other man drank it. I participated, but I was very restrained. The man, whose name is Vanya (last name is Vanya (see ANNEX III), earned the Bernstein and complained how difficult life was. He played the Bernstein, remembering old songs about Drey. He asked me to send him a Robert Kennedy from abroad, and I promised to do it. He asked me to write down his name and address so that I could send him the invitation.

In the evening I went again toward the museum. Again I went the passage in back of the Bernstein's hotel, and also some empty side streets. I could not detect any surveillance. It was 2000 hours. On the museum grounds in the garden, I saw the construction people still working around the building. Some other people were also in the

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station where Vira's house was located. I turned back from the house and determined the next day to go to the jailor, to give her case over, and to try contacting through her to Vira.

I returned to the hotel and went out to the streets again. I talked to some people who were walking or sitting on benches. Most, I talked to a woman who told me that her husband was a construction worker and had managed to get a permission to live in Kiev. He could not go to his village every week or so and bring food produce, and they could live. She said that it was better now than years ago. I saw her a ballpoint pen. On the Lenin Boulevard I met two young men about twenty-eight who also spoke Russian. I asked them about the open houses, since I was a translation from America. They were Chinese visitors. One of them had been in the Soviet Army Artillery and had participated in the Korean War. He said that he had been stopped over to have their opinions of the opportunity to defect. It was after 200 hours, and I returned to my hotel room.

1 June 1961, Wednesday

After breakfast I went to old Vasya in University Park. Vasya's mother told me about his daughter who lived in Manchester, England. She was married but did not have children. He gave her several new and address, which were written as a return address on a letter, probably from his daughter herself. The address read: messenger, Seven Russell Street, Manchester 9, England. (Note: this is a contact of ABASCAM/2.) He said that he had sent his daughter two pounds of mushrooms last Christmas and that she had acknowledged receipt but had not written about. He wanted me to request her to write to him. He also gave me a label for some drugs he needed and which his daughter had been sending him previously. He had me to tell her to send him more of these drugs. Vasya said that he was not afraid of the communists because even in Ukraine they paid better than his 32 rubles a month. "What can they do to us?" he asked. He wanted to give his address and write a letter to his daughter for me to take, but I refused to take it. He was so glad to see me that I think I could have asked him to do anything, but he would have done it.

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It was 11:30 hours, and I went to the museum again. I saw the woman janitor, who was working in the garden, and gave her a name, telling her that it was for the kindness she had shown me the previous day. I told her that I had come back to the museum again because I wanted to make a list of paintings which were in the museum, as I had told her the previous day. She said, "You know, I will call Vira, maybe you should talk to her. I shall not tell the director because he won't let her see you. I shall just call her." She went to the right side of the front building and called to the second floor window, "Vira, Vira." She came back to me and advised me to go to the museum and Vira would come down. I went into the museum, made some lists of paintings and waited for an hour and a half, but Vira did not come. When I went out, the janitor said nothing. She asked me to come to her house. I went with her to a house on the museum grounds. The Grossbeldtely family lived in Apartment 1, the little house next to that of the janitor. The woman's husband also came in. He looked around and talked in a very indistinct manner. He said they had been working for the museum for thirty years. Money was hard to come by, but things were better than before. I said that I had some things in the hotel, and because I was leaving the next day, I wanted to leave them there. I asked the woman to go with me to the hotel so that I could give her the things. The man and woman wanted to give me something in return. They took out some small paintings and gave them to me. I asked if I could take them. The man insisted that the paintings were given to him personally by the artist and that they were his own property. On Grossbeldtely's painting there was an inscription saying that the picture was given to Mr. Flaub (see Annex II). I asked him to the name of the painter. I took three little pictures out of the whole bunch they offered me and went with the woman to the hotel. On the way I asked her whom Professor Bemelstetzy had died, and she started to talk about the family. She said that the professor was a real scientist or something, that his wife and daughter (he married her while studying in Göttingen before World War I), that the widow and two daughters lived on the museum grounds, that the daughters had not married, that the older sister was teaching German at Iowa University and was getting 170 rubles a month, and that Vira got 50 rubles a month. The janitor said that Vira was a scientific writer at the museum, but she could not make anybody without permission from the director. In my hotel room I gave her the following items: two cutting diamonds, which I had prepared for Rista, a pair of snips,

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service, three pairs of stockings, a tie, a few shirts, some toiletries, and one bottle of whisky. I told her that I would not take these items back to America and that I wanted to help her. She was very happy and said that they did not have enough of things and that I had helped them very much. "You can't imagine what you have done for us," she said as she left my room.

It was my last evening in New York and I decided to make a last attempt to carry out my plan. I decided again to go to Vito's house. Having that in mind, I went to the post office before it closed and bought a letter and stamp to have it ready for writing the letter. After 1800 hours I went to dinner. After dinner I took a walk, and at 2130 hours I went to the相同 house. I could hear the piano, but two men were standing there, and when they saw that I tried to enter the passage, and it was closed, they laughed. I circled the hotel and, using my old stories, went toward the entrance. I tried to detect nervousness, but I saw nothing. I passed by the entrance and saw in the door about eight people sitting between the two living rooms on the ground floor and hand them talking. I did not know who they were. I thought the person who had held the house organization meeting might be there, and I did not want to meet that one under such conditions. The lights were already on. I decided not to go in. I went to the bus stop, waited a short distance, and then turned back to the same house. I waited in the shadows for over an hour and at 2200 hours decided to make my last try. I went to the house, but the people were still sitting on the same spot as before. I could not approach the house unnoticed. I turned back to the hotel, and I thought best to make another attempt to leave at night, which would not be sustainable. Even if the people there were not present any more, for a stranger to go to a private home would look more than suspicious, and I decided not to do. I thought that I could have asked the janitor when to change some items to Vito, but I was not 100 per cent certain about this, and I had not been instructed to use such an intermediary. At 2200 hours I decided to go home now. During the previous days I had located a small box which would help fit into my plan to drop a letter unnoticed. This small box was located just around the corner from the former apartment building on the opposite side from the building on which I had stayed.

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2 June 1961, Sunday

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I got up at 0630 hours and went out for a walk. At about 0700 a crowd gathered in front of the Interjet hotel because an Indian delegation had arrived, and people were eager to know something about it. I talked to two men who were standing there and learned that one of them, George Devayash Malhotra, was a former trustee of David's Foundation staying in Alberta for eight years (see Annex II).

At 0830 I went to the hotel to check out. My luggage was brought down to the lobby. I had breakfast and had a conversation with an Israeli couple at my table. They spoke Russian, and the woman spoke Polish also, since she was from Poland originally. They did not ask for their names. She was told that he was a representative of David, and talked highly about the state of Israel and the situation there.

At 0900 hours I went out to the airport with my Interjet ticket. At the airport we went through the controls. First, a border guard took my passport and tore off the departure visa. He returned my passport and sent me to the customs officer, who in turn asked for the customs declaration, which I had submitted at the entrance point in Russia. He asked me how much money (dollars) I was carrying. I had only a few kopeks in Soviet currency, and I was permitted to take them with me. The customs officer asked me to fill out a declaration of items which I was taking out and checked my luggage. I told him that I had with me some reproductions of paintings which I had received as a gift, but I did not mention the original paintings from Moscow. I had with me some local Soviet translation papers, but the customs officer took them out and said, "These papers are not recommended." When I saw that he took the papers out, I asked him, "Because are they not recommended or are they not permitted?" He replied in a sharp voice, "Not permitted," and took the papers away. They were Volgograd, Ulyanovsk, Vladivostok, the officer said that I could take with me the national (USSR) papers, to which I replied that I had not known this. Besides, I said that I could get the all-Russian papers abroad and that I had used them, but I had some difficulties in the local papers. After the control my luggage was checked, and I went with the other passengers to the plane by bus. On both sides of the plane entrance, two border guards were asking for passports again. They looked at the picture in the passport and at my name, checked, and gave the passport back to me. I was in the plane.

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The take-off was delayed for about an hour and took place at 1140 hours. The two-sector Tigrayin had only three passengers--a female, woman with a boy and myself. The stewardess informed us instructions. She could not understand the female woman, and I occurred my help as interpreter. After a while I said, "Women passengers are not, some passengers understand." I spoke in Tigrayin and, apparently used the English word "understand." She then I asked, "What do you, I ask, I told her and used a phrase from Gondaric poetry which said that everyone should learn to speak Tigrayin who never taught his own. She spoke in Tigrayin and said, "about Kley and how I had lived the city. I again used a Gondaric phrase, "There is no other language, there is nothing in the world like the language." She picked up from there and continued Gondaric's poem, "And you go to foreign lands looking for lost...." in continued reading. Her name was Indalle (see Annex II).

After her husband live in America, I started again to talk about Gondaric, saying that even Gondaric on his way to Vienna, used Gondaric's poem to pay homage, but such things never happened when Gondaric's predecessor (Emperor Shelling) was in power. She answered and said that she did not want to talk about the predecessor because "he destroyed so many of our people." I asked her why many people in Kley did not use the Tigrayin language. She replied that as far as they use it. "You see, at home I, my mother, my father, and my husband speak Tigrayin," I quoted again a verse of poetry referring to the Tigrayin, and she said that she liked the Tigrayin very much but had never learned it before. I completed that she paid us a visit and had died about two years ago. I was speaking Gondaric's "Tetkoyyale." I continued that At the young for her to take that early Gondaric in the Hararina 1000 bahts had a monopoly on Hararina retinotica. I told her that Gondaric showed some desire to effect a settlement to Gondaric in the capital of America, Washington, for a quarter of a million dollars. She said, "Yes, you effect arrangements, but you don't want to come back to the Hararina." I said, "And I will come again with my boy, if God helps," I said, "And when you are in America comes to the future, come and see me." She immediately asked for my address, and I wrote it down for her.

She started to complain that the consumer industry did not work well. In the Soviet Union and that she, for example, did not have stockings. She would she wanted to buy a pair of green stockings

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for her father, who worked with iron casting and needed such glasses but that they were not available in the Ukraine. I said that I could find her such glasses. She said she would send me some reproductions of paintings and Rembrandt's "Rabbi." When she had done this, I could send something to her. I did not ask for her address, and she did not give it to me, but she indicated that when she sent some things to me, her address would be available to me. She also said that she had received permission to exchange only 30 kopeks in Czechoslovakia. She wanted to buy something for herself, but it was impossible. I offered to lend her some Czech crowns, and she said "capital quality." I said that I had to exchange dollars because I did not possess crowns.

When we stopped in Bratislava, she arranged for me to leave the plane. She explained to the Czech border guard that I wanted to have coffee in the airport restaurant. The guard checked my passport and let me go. At the restaurant counter there were two Slovak girls. I asked for coffee and also asked if they would accept American dollars. The girls looked at one another and replied, "Yes, we take dollars," but you should not tell anybody that you got crowns given us." I gave the girls \$4, and they gave me in return a whole bunch of crowns. I did not ask what the rate was, but when I later converted them in the plane, I found out that they had given me the black market price of 80 crowns to the dollar. The official rate is 14 crowns.

I went back to the plane and noticed that the Slovak woman with her boy had gotten off and that now I was the only passenger. We took seats in the crust of the plane, and I gave all the crowns to her. She was stunned with the amount and said it was too much, but I indicated that it was only the worth of money. She thanked me very much. I said that she was like my daughter, and I was glad to do something for her. She should write to me, and I would send what she wanted. She said that she would write to me for more and send me the "Kobzar." She took a copy of a Soviet magazine which was lying around and wrote to my son a few words to the effect that he should never forget that Ukrainian blood flows in his veins and that he should be proud of his Ukrainian language. Before I left the plane, which landed in Prague at 1600 hours, I asked her what she would say to the pilots when they asked her about our conversation. I said that when they asked why she talked to me so much she should say that she kept me

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From looking through the window of the plane, she laughed and said that this was the most proper thing to tell them. I felt that she knew about such a device and was probably interested in this way by her experiences, since she was not surprised by my suggestion. I also asked her for the Soviet publications which were on the plane (a few copies of "Pravda and Kino"), and she gladly gave them to me. (Note: These have a communist interest.) I said that we could go out in Prague, and I may buy her something there, but she refused, saying that we should go different ways in Prague. I tried her like a child and left the plane.

I went to the waiting room for transit passengers. My passport was checked. I exchanged 50 and received 25 crowns for the. I noticed that one of the Soviet pilots from my plane was sitting at the counter, and I joined him. I thought that I should tell him something to dispense the possible suspicion he might have toward the Americans and our talk in the plane alone. I spoke to him in Russian, and told him some propagandistic things about the Soviet Union which would please a Soviet patriotic ear. The pilot told me that he had been in the United States and that there were things in America which were worth learning. He also said that he would not like to have another war.

Afterwards I went to the jewelry shop to buy some Czech crystal for my wife. While I was looking over the merchandise, two women came to the store. They spoke Russian and were Soviets. One said to the other that her husband had just received a bonus (salary) of 12,000 rubles in our currency and had to buy things. And what to buy? They looked over jewelry, selected some merchandise, and paid in American dollars. I talked to the store in English, but when they were paying, I looked at the jewelry and said to myself in Russian, "This is real art." The two women played as if somebody had paid nothing later in their room. They had married connections. They grabbed the jewelry and ran out of the store. They were actually running.

I left the store and noticed that twelve young boys and girls, somewhere on eighteen years old, had entered the waiting room. They spoke Spanish and had dark complexion. A woman of about forty-five was taking care of them and writing post cards for them. I looked at the children and saw that she addressed them all to children.

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They had tickets to Moscow, wore Little Cuban flags, and also Communist emblems on their jackets. When the Russian plane arrived the woman guide led them to it.

I also had a little talk with a member of a Polish delegation to Czechoslovakia. He was an employee of Polish industry. I told him that I was a Communist from America, and he complained about Poland having many things that position in government and industry is related and occupied by people who were not fit, and that they should occupy positions lower than they do.

After the transport control, I boarded the next plane. We took off at 1100 hours. American and British were on the plane, and we landed in London at 2030 hours. In London Pan American took care of us. I did not have a reservation for a hotel, but Pan American gave me a hotel room and did not even charge me for it. I realized and started to sing "Home, Sweet Home." It was a different world.

2 June 1962, Friday

The plane scheduled for 1100 hours took off at 1120 hours. In the plane I met a representative of a steel firm from Rochester, New Jersey, and he asked me if I was not afraid to go on my trip. We talked during the flight and arrived in New York at Midway Airport at 1430 hours.

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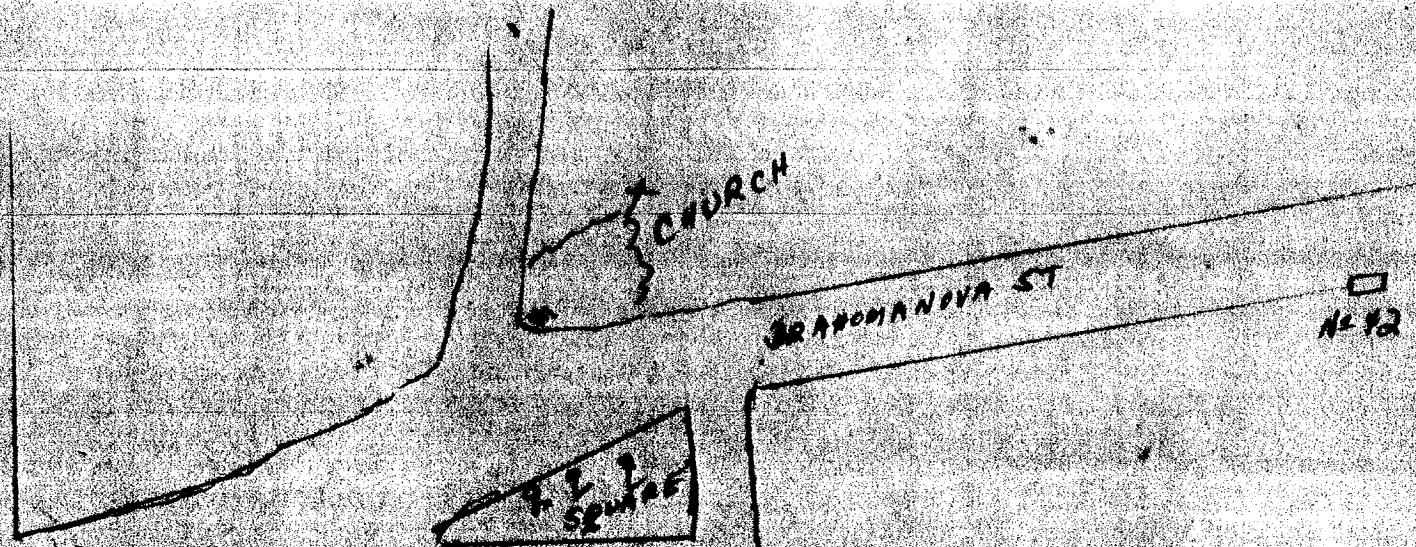
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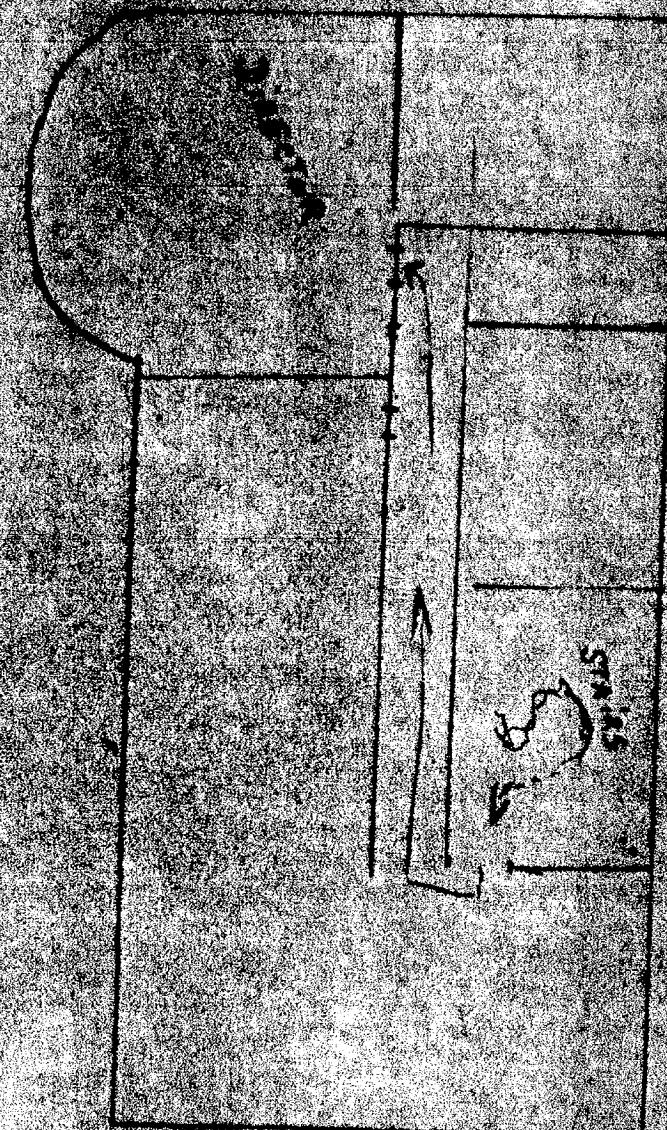


SHE KILLED HER PUPPYS

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**APPENDIX II**  
**Biographical Information**

**Section II**  
**Biographical Information**

**ROBERT MURKIN**  
Fifteen, black hair, brown eyes, approximately 5 feet 9 inches tall, thin, brownish skin, dark hair colored black. Address, 6/14 Polka Street, Astoria, N.Y., New York. Telephone: 5-14-276. Married, his wife is also a Puerto Rican. He works in battery in a hospital as a custodian. He also represents American medical companies into Puerto Rico. He has sons of three years old at home. His father passed away during the war. His mother is alive. He has two brothers. His apartment is in a very interesting and comfortable area of town and a kitchen. It was very clean but relatively unoccupied. He earns 1500 money a month. His wife likes the new apartment. He were a very busy business man. He complained that he wanted to go to the United States to speculate in securities but did not receive permission, despite the fact that he had received permission and everything else necessary from the American side. He wanted to say he did not get permission because "party members who need medical care." No Cuban freely, we are not allowed, but on the other hand, in his criticism his old not go too far. He is a Puerto Rican and a good Catholic. He attended church. He was frequently discussed toward America and wanted very much to go to America to study. He openly expressed his opinion that the West is so different that no comparison should be attempted with the Free Cuban countries. He exhibited the documents of the Cuban. Particularly that there are not enough cultural, political and other forms are two categories of people in Puerto Rico, "people and leaders."

**44. SUGGESTIONS**

Interviewer: Guide in El Morro. One is tall, with blonde, hair, Puerto Rican. She spoke very little English. She was twenty-five to twenty-eight years old. After the interview, there, she explained, she opinion that Puerto Rico has too much and leaders should be start.

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1996-1997 学年第一学期期中考试

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Meet. 111

About sixty, student or teacher or owner restaurant in University Park in Leningrad, or volunteer VASILYEVICH ISCHENKO, 54, Brest, Russia. He gave the address of his daughter as follows: ISCHENKOVA, Svetlana ISCHENKOVA, Brest, Belarus. He called the Russian State. He has renounced. He came to Russia a month. He was a sergeant in the old Imperial Russian Imperial Army and also a soldier in the Ukrainian Army during and after World War I. He does not know. He said that he was not afraid because the work they could do to him was to deport him to Siberia, where people were paid better than he was now. He said as to get in touch with his daughter.

Meet. 111A

Approximately forty-eight; small; well-built; black hair styled back; very. Married; her husband is an engineer. She does not live with her husband. She is a lawyer, originally from Kiev. She spoke Russian. Address: 10 Andreevsky Street, Apartment 2, Kiev. Her father had been a colonel in the Soviet Army. She invited the traveler to visit her.

Meet. 111B

About thirty; 5 feet 4 inches tall; black hair styled back; very. Single; her mother, whose only his name. He was married and had two children, a boy twelve and a girl sixteen. He was a veteran of the Polish-Soviet War (Polish Army) and received a pension of 15 rubles. He was wounded in the lower part of the back, and his injury affected his walking. He was a typical Kiev proletarian. He played the harmonica and liked the old Kiev songs. He was a Christian. He spoke Ukrainian and Polish. His all not know Russian well. His wife was a teacher, and he works for the Observatory (Central Military Administration) in Kiev. He cured the Russians, and the Russians in Orlivgradov did not give good tips. He complained that "they" wanted to order him from his apartment and put a Russian in there, but he had friends, and they had left him alone. He asked for a komissar to be sent to his room abroad. Address: 10 Lermontova Street, Apartment 2, Kiev. A picture is available.

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Part THREE

About sixty; 5 feet 6 inches tall; black, graying hair; longish face; thin; eyes deep-set; wore a hat. He had been a janitor for thirty years at the Museum of Ukrainian Art, 42 Shevchenko Street, Kiev. He lived on the ~~same~~ <sup>same</sup> premises. He gave paintings of Ukrainian artists in exchange for gifts. His wife was a janitor. She was fat, round turned face, blue eyes, wrinkled face, wore a scarf on her head. Both were Ukrainians. They accepted gifts.

Woman, Kiev, age 25

Born 1912; well-built; 5 feet 6 inches tall; blue eyes; red, sunburned face; dark blonde hair; wore a cap; features tender. He said he had spent eight years in Siberia and "does not know why." After he was released he finally managed to get a place to live in Kiev and got work because they needed him for construction. He had an uncle in America, but did not know his address. He wanted to give his uncle's name. He was interested in how Ukrainians live in America. He gave his address.

Woman, 25

Twenty years old; 5 feet 7 inches tall; blonde; blue eyes; longish face; good face features; nose very slightly turned up at the end; very well-built; weight about 150 pounds; could be called a beautiful girl. Her husband is an engineer. She lives in Kiev. She knows Shevchenko's poetry. She is proud of her Ukrainian heritage. She is a stewardess for the Soviet Airlines, Kiev-Djagora, Ukraine. Her father is a steel worker in Kiev.

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CHIEF OF STAFF/25

AKHIEZER/39 did not carry out his mission, but considering the situation and circumstances, he had perfectly good reasons. From the very start of his trip, he knew almost certain that the information knew about his background. The infiltration by the ball boy in the hotel in Warsaw, bears witness to this. The circumstances which he had in reporting to the militia in Poland could be considered as another indication that the authorities were trying to prevent him from meeting his brother. This had a bad influence on his morale. He was subject to surveillance. He detected automobile surveillance in Warsaw without any doubt, but he could not detect any foot surveillance, which does not exclude the possibility of its existence.

His presence in Warsaw was discovered by a woman acquaintance from America who is a reporter and by her son, who had been his good friend previously and who had been approached by the Soviets for many years. The above-mentioned person did not make any move to approach the traveler, but he could not be certain that he had not been reported.

His presence was stated from a telephone in the Kier hotel, the same day on which he took pictures in the city. Bearing in view the circumstances and the technique of the robbery, AKHIEZER/39 suspected that the security service had done the job.

In spite of the above and the pressure under which he worked, the traveler made a good attempt to carry out his main task. He suggested the also not made general attempts to seek his primary contact. He made acquaintance with persons who could help him to make the contact. In spite of his efforts he did not succeed. Generally, he acted normally and did not take dangerous steps which would expose his real intentions. He acted in accordance with the instructions and did not try to contact his main target at home while being observed by people. Nor did he do it completely clandestinely late at night, which again might have exposed his clandestine intentions, since it would have been unusual. In this view, nor he was not instructed to do so.

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use information in transferring the object or contact to the east. He had an opportunity to do so via the Jordan. Having been under pressure to carry out his main task, ABRAHAMOV/39 did not attempt to carry out his other task, or contacting the young man, Vlodovits, much. He said that as long as he was in possession of the object of contact, he was not willing to risk anything which could centrally reveal the object and consequently the whole station.

In general, ABRAHAMOV/39 behaved well. He did not want to jeopardize his safe trip by any suspicious action or position. Discreet, and so he avoided them. He used his knowledge of the Russian language abundantly. He was open to more information he wanted within his planned itinerary. Doubtless did not limit his movements.

His own reaction to his trip was that it was a difficult job and that perhaps he was not good enough to carry it out. After he completed the trip he was very tired. He said that perhaps he was not prepared enough.

As to the overall situation in the Ukraine, ABRAHAMOV/39 commented that he found something of the "real" Ukraine and that the situation exists. It is operational, but it exists. He said that in all not was the country, only the big cities, which bore heavy marks of Russification, particularly Kiev. He felt that in an emergency or if the Soviet regime were to weaken, the Ukrainian forces would rally and show their real strength.

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